

The History of Henry Hotspur

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeeres, and as much as to—

Boynes, Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five yeeres: ber lady a long lease for the chincking of pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valliant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, i'le be sworne upon all the Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poynes, Francis.

Francis. Anon sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poynes, Francis.

Francis. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas but a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poynes Francis,

Francis. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-stocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who doe you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne-bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis: your white canvass Doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Poynes. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing whish way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry

Vint. What, standst thou looke to the Ghosts within. M dozen more, are at the dore, sh

Pri. Let them alone a while

Poynes. Anon, anon sir.

Pri. Sirra, Falstaffe and the doore, shall we be merry?

Poy. As merry as Crickets cunning match have you made come, what's the issue?

Pri. I am now of all humors, since the old daies of age of this present Twelve a clocke, Francis?

Francis. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this fellow a Parrat, and yet the son of a v and downe staires, his cloque, am not yet of Perceys minde, t k's me some 6. or 7. dozen of hands, and sayes to his wife, work. O my sweet Harry saye to day? Give my Rban horse some fourteene, an hour after Falstaffe, i'le play Percy, and Dame Mortimer his wife. Rie call in Tallow.

Enter F

Poynes. Welcome Lacke, w

Fal. A plague of all cow mary and Amen: give me a c life-long, i'le sow nether stock too. A plague of all cowards; there no vertue extant?

Prince. Didst thou never pittifull hearted Titan, that Sun? if thou didst, then beho